

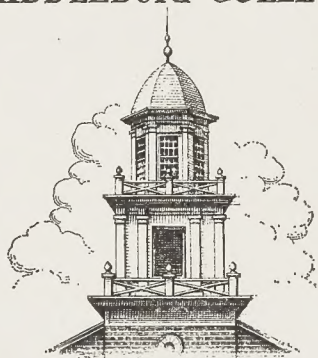
LOAF

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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



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BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

1953

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, board and room) should be referred to Mr. Stetson, Resident Manager, at the INN DESK.

For details regarding the management of the School, please make inquiry at the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Director R. L. Cook and Miss Lillian Becker, Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your request for information about details of the School.

REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration of courses in advance must personally consult with the Director. Appointments may be made with Miss Becker. Students should make a copy for themselves of their class schedules.

A recorder will be in the Blue Parlor on June 24. Registration is not completed until a registration card and a "notify in case of accident" card have been returned to the recorder. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Treasurer's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 24. It is requested that all bills which have not been paid be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained from the Treasurer at this time.

Please keep in mind the fact that if you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before June 26. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another, after June 29, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled must also obtain permission from the Director.

MAIL SCHEDULE

Outgoing mail must be posted not later than 8:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Mail will be ready for distribution at the following hours: 10:00 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

MEAL HOURS

In a day or two the regular seating plan will go into effect. There will be one seating. Please consult the chart on the dining room door to ascertain your table assignments.

Daily

Breakfast 7:30-8:00 A. M.
Luncheon 12:45-1:00 P. M.
Dinner 6:00-6:15 P. M.

Sunday

Breakfast 8:00-8:30 A. M.
Dinner 1:00-1:30 P. M.
Supper 6:00-6:30 P. M.

Since most of the waiters and waitresses are students, it is urgently requested that all students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on table may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the head waitress to make exceptions to this regulation. She has no authority to do so.

SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, post cards, cigarettes, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore. It is impossible for credit to be extended, so please do not ask for it.

BOOKSTORE

It is urgently requested that students purchase their texts immediately because it is frequently necessary for us to order additional copies. It is impossible to allow students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore, and we hope that students will cooperate by not asking for any favors of this kind. The hours when the Bookstore will be open will be announced soon.

BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

A preliminary notice concerning parking has been made in the bulletin. New and stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests endeavor to keep the roads clear in front of the Inn. Students living in Maple may park their cars in the space behind the cottage; students at Tamarack on the lawn under the trees by the main road. All others should use the parking space near the Barn.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT EVENING PROGRAMS

An informal reception of faculty and students will be held at the Recreation Hall in the Barn on Wednesday evening, June 24 at 8:30 P. M.

Mr. Robert Frost will give a lecture and reading at 8:15 P. M. on Thursday, June 25, in the Little Theatre.

Seniors

1953 (21)

Aiken, Roberta

Cooper-Ellis, Lovat

Duncan, Fidelia

Fisher, Robert

FitzGerald, Gregory

Garfield, Wyatt

Heys, Frank

Higgins, Austin, President

Hinckley, Alice

Jensen, Gladys

Jerrell, Kathryn

Kadow, August

Lovelace, Richard

Miller, Jean

Morrissey, Kathleen

O'Reilly, Patricia

Smith, Carroll

Southard, Louise

Stevens, Jane

Vallance, Marie

Vandervort, Luella

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1953

General Statistics

Student attendance by states:

Arizona	1
California	1
Colorado	1
Connecticut	8
District of C.	2
Florida	4
Georgia	1
Idaho	1
Illinois	6
Indiana	1
Louisiana	2
Maryland	3
Massachusetts	13
Michigan	1
Missouri	4
Nebraska	1
New Hampshire	7
New Jersey	7
New York	20
Ohio	4
Oklahoma	1
Pennsylvania	10
Rhode Island	3
So. Carolina	2
Utah	2
Vermont	3
Virginia	1
Washington	1
Wisconsin	1
Canada	2
England	1

(29 states represented)

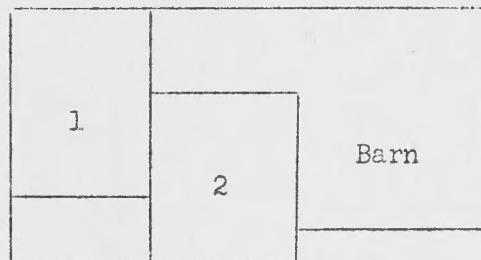
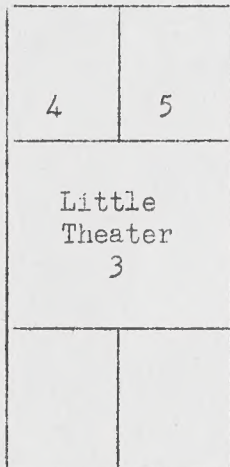
Total student attendance 115

Men students	40
Women students	75
Old students	75
New students	40
Off-campus students	11
Candidates for a Midd. M.A.	52
Seniors	21
1954 seniors	14
Non-credit students	6
Veterans	12
Working for 8 credits	12
" " 7 "	4
" " 6 "	65
" " 5 "	8
" " 4 "	17
" " 3 "	1
" " 2 "	2

Attendance by courses:

3 Spec. St. in Tchg. of Eng.	8
5 Literary composition	11
7b Stagecraft	13
11 Structure of Romanticism	19
19 Chaucer	19
32 Milton	11
37 Major Russian novels	30
39 Modern short story	14
46 17th century literature	17
40 Brit. & Amer. ballads	29
58 Truth & myth in mod. lit.	48
86 Curr. & methods	15
9 Hist. of Eng. language	21
10 Victorian poetry	14
21 The art of fiction	38

1953



SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

8:30 A.M.

86	Curriculum and Methods	Mr. Zahner	L. Theater 4
9	History of English Language	Mr. Anderson	Barn 2
11	Structure of English Romanticism	Mr. Baker	L. Theater 5
40	British and American Ballads	Mr. Davidson	Barn 1

9:30 A.M.

3	Special Studies in the Teaching of English	Mr. Zahner	L. Theater 4
39	The Modern Short Story	Mr. Bailey	Barn 2
46	Seventeenth Century Literature	Mr. Joyce	L. Theater 5
21	The Art of Fiction	Miss Drew	Barn 1

10:30 A.M.

19	Chaucer	Mr. Anderson	Barn 1
10	Victorian Poetry	Mr. Jensen	Barn 2
58	Truth and Myth in Modern Literature	Mr. Baker	L. Theater 3

11:30 A.M.

5	Literary Composition	Mr. Bailey	L. Theater 4
7b	Stagecraft	Mr. Volkert	L. Theater 3
32	Milton	Mr. Joyce	Barn 2
37	Major Russian Novels	Mr. Jensen	Barn 1

George Smith,

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

Entertainment Schedule for 1953:

- June 25 (Thurs.) Robert Frost
- June 29 (Mon.) Arthur Mizener - Contemporary Literature
- July 6 (Mon.) Francis Fergusson - Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors and Much Ado About Nothing
- July 8 (Wed.) Exhibition of books from the Vermont Book Shop, Middlebury
- July 13 (Mon.) Jesse Stuart - A Kentucky Story-teller (8:00 p.m.)
- July 14 (Tues.) Exhibition of books from the Hampshire Bookshop, Northampton, Mass.
- July 17 (Fri.) Two short plays: Christopher Fry's A Phoenix Too Frequent and John M. Synge's The Shadow of the Glen
- July 20 (Mon.) Mary McCarthy - lecture
- July 31 (Fri.) Saroyan's The Beautiful People
- Aug. 8 (Sat.) Commencement exercises

(Lectures will ordinarily begin at 7:30 p.m.)

Bread Loaf School of English

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

August 8, 1953

Elizabeth Drew

The Collective Conscious or Beating about the Burning Bush

President Stratton, Mr. Cook, fellow members of the faculty, Masters-to-be of the class of 1953, students of the Middlebury School of English:

Now that the sound of winged chariots at our backs is muffled, and the haunting refrain, "Hurry up, please, it's time" is no longer so insistent, and the themes (whether self-begotten, borrowed, or bought) are all in--our minds are free to dwell on what Bread Loaf brings us. And how many Commencement addresses before this one have celebrated what Bread Loaf brings! How it bridges the time between unwelcome duties, in an atmosphere where stimulus and relaxation are partners; a place where we can spade up a sound defense by doubling our strength in hearts, to withstand the possible clubs of fate, and the only too certain void in diamonds; how it slams the door grandly on dummy fears, and bids us be invulnerable to the tricks of fortune!

We all bless Bread Loaf for its extra-curricular offerings of one sort or another, but what unites all of us here and is the main purpose of our presence, is the refreshment and stimulus of the study of literature, and what that can add to our lives and through us, we hope, to the lives of the pupils and students whom we try to teach. We come here to read and discuss books. Books have been rather a burning question lately, and the whole matter of the freedom to read them--whether the best way of strengthening one view is by censoring and suppressing the reading of any other view. Of course it is; there can't really be any doubt of that. The promoters of all authoritarian systems of belief, whether religious or political, have always acted quite logically in banning books that don't chime in with their tune. But the real question is not whether the best way of supporting one view is to ignore all others. It is whether we believe that it is a good thing for everyone to think alike, or whether we believe that

it is really a better thing to create a society where people differ, and where there is room for all opinions, including the unorthodox, the non-conformist, and the heretic--with freedom for all to express themselves. The question is whether this freedom is in itself one of the highest values.

"Values" is another subject we hear a lot about now. "Values" seem to be rather vague entities which are always appearing on platforms in a lost or weakened or dying state; and there seems a general opinion that if we keep them there on the platforms long enough, and talk often enough about their state of debility and estrangement, they'll somehow perk up again and re-assert themselves in a healthy way. It doesn't seem to occur to people that "values" are not mysterious things lying around waiting to be revived by pep-talks: they are things created in our own individual consciousness from our own experience of living, and issue in our own actions. And for the moment, the particular experiences of living I want to talk about are books, works of literary art.

The psychologist Jung bases a great deal of his observation of psychological phenomena on the existence of what he calls the Collective Unconscious. This is an inherited storehouse of related symbols and images, and of certain large symbolic patterns. He believes this inheritance accounts for the appearance of these same symbols again and again in dream, in myth, and in imaginative art. Whether or not there is such a thing as the Collective Unconscious is very uncertain, but what is quite certain is that world literature can well be called the Collective Consciousness of man. As D. H. Lawrence said: "Man is the great venture in consciousness." We have an inheritance of thousands of years of this developing consciousness, recorded in hieroglyphs on obelisks and clay tablets, in script on papyrus and vellum and parchment, and for the last five hundred years in print. All down the ages, man has had the same experiences, emotional, moral, physical; the same ecstasies and agonies, triumphs and despairs. He has

He is talking about the "moral quality" of a work of art, and not about the amount of didactic content in it, and we have to make a distinction there. He isn't supporting Miss Prism in The Importance of Being Earnest who says about her novel: "The good ended happily, the bad unhappily, that is what fiction means." He is talking about the depth of understanding of the human realities of both good and evil that the writer can reveal; its "essential richness of inspiration." I suppose the poem with the greatest sweep of moral significance ever attempted is Dante's Divine Comedy. Its intent is directly religious and doctrinal. Its belief is that there are assured answers to all the mysteries; it is a vision of what to Dante is eternal divine truth. But we continue to read it because Dante's disembodied souls in their various conditions of being lost or purged or saved continue to be passionately preoccupied, even in Paradise, with specific human affairs: with the supreme importance of personal identity, with family pride and prejudice, with the squabbles of city politics, with literary debate, and with historical and religious controversy.

I don't think literature will ever be read unless it is rooted in the human situation, and modern criticism is apt, I think, to underestimate the importance of that truism. Our floods of esthetic and formal criticism are perhaps a reaction from the nineteenth century over-emphasis on the purely didactic. It is true that in the nineteenth century both writers and their critics often seemed more interested in having a message to deliver than in having a vision to create or interpret. But nowadays many of our critics incline to the other extreme, and poetry especially is subjected to a truly formidable apparatus of judgment as our intellectuals beat about the burning bush. For example: "The three modes of the mind--the poetic, the rhetorical, and the dialectic--are here at work synergically in a polarity of the intell-

ectual and the sensual"--or of Eliot's "still point": "This is humanly intelligible only as paradox unless the ontology governing it is to be considered monistic."

This is to make the reading of literature nothing but a critical obstacle race and to forget the simple truth that one of the chief reasons that people have always read books is because books sustain, and cheer, and comfort us, and remind us that other men and women have suffered grief and been tormented by jealousy, have had the same longings and rebellions, the same releases into laughter, the same collapses into apathy and cowardice. Moreover, that we should feel a personal involvement in the writing is one of the reasons the artist works. The poet, as Wordsworth says, is a man talking to men, and writers themselves have always spoken of their own human debts to their predecessors. As an example of a good and a bad expression of that, we might take a line from Matthew Arnold and one from Eliot stating their emotional reliance on the spirit of earlier writers. At the end of The Wasteland, after quoting a few phrases from other poets, Eliot cries despairingly, but memorably:

"These fragments have I shored against my ruins,"

While Arnold, in the same frame of mind, but with a good deal less of rhythmic and verbal felicity, says,

"Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days of my mind?"

But to get back to Henry James and the "moral quality" of a work of art. What James is saying is that to him the artist deals with moral questions as an artist, not as a moralist. He doesn't aim at being didactic or at not being didactic, but at creating his own vision of reality from his own "essential richness of inspiration"; from what he knows as human truth, and leaving it to speak for itself. He isn't there to solve our moral problems for us or to give the answers to all the big questions. He doesn't preach; he shows. As Arnold put it:

The grand power of poetry (and it is equally true of all art) is its interpretive power; by which I mean not the power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them.

This interpretative, revealing, awakening power is one of the great "values" of literature, but the creative artist can't be made use of by demanding that he support particular causes. He has a higher obedience than that to the state or the public. As Keats said: "Genius must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself." It must serve an inner not an outer demand. And that has been restated in a lighter vein in a little prose parable by Auden:

The present state of the world is so miserable and depraved that if anyone were to say to the poet: 'For God's sake stop humming and put the kettle on and fetch bandages--the patient's dying,' I do not see how he could justifiably refuse. (There is, of course, an inner voice which says exactly this to most of us, and our only reply is to pretend to be extremely hard of hearing.) But no one says this. The self-appointed unqualified Nurse [Totalitarian authority] says: 'Stop humming this instant and sing the patient a song which will make him fall in love with me. In return I'll give you extra ration cards and a passport.' And the poor patient [society in general] in his delirium cries: 'Please stop humming and sing me a song which will make me believe I am free from pain and perfectly well. In return I'll give you a penthouse apartment in New York and a ranch in Arizona.'

To such requests and to the bribes that go with them, the poet can only pray that he will always have the courage to stick out his tongue...and go on humming quietly to himself.

Luckily there have always been writers who have gone on humming quietly to themselves, whether or not they have been alive in what appeared to them as a sick and hospitalized society. In fact, the quality of society seems to make very little difference to the production of works of art. We hear a great deal nowadays about writers being exiles in the contemporary world, and some of them do a good deal of "moaning at the bars" about it. But is it really

very important? I don't think so. Historically it's really impossible to say what sort of religious, social, and political soil is best for the production of works of art, since works of art have bloomed in every kind of soil. Some of the greatest, like the Greek and Elizabethan drama, have been produced when the artist shared the beliefs of his age and was its mouthpiece. Others, like The Divine Comedy or Paradise Lost were written by men in lonely exile from the majority view and bitter critics of it. And indeed, whether they have written out of a sense of communion with society or a sense of rebellion against it, they have always found plenty of common ground, for after all, personalities continue to be individual, the problems of good and evil and the nature of existence, and of the men and women in it, go on just the same whatever religious or philosophical or political or social systems happen to be in the ascendant.

And besides, the artist's unique function in society is not to put on the kettle or fetch the bandages; it is to sing the song. Like everyone else he must put up somehow with the society in which he finds himself, and like everyone else he would like to feel of some use in it. But his use must be through his particular form of action, which is the making of songs. And so there is a sense in which the only creed to which he must be true is Art for Art's sake. The raw material of life in all its eternal rawness is around him all the time. He's a human being and must find his own personal faith if he's to amount to anything. But his particular calling is to set up as a response to this rawness, the creation of a new thing in a different medium; it is to oppose to the incoherence, the deformity, the fragmentariness and wastefulness of life, the clarity, the shapeliness, the precision and order of art.

The poet can give us that "wonderfully full, now, and intimate sense of things" because he can remove them from the world of doing to the world of

being, where they do not change and where we can contemplate them instead of taking part in them. The writer himself inhabits our world, full of "the general mess of imprecision of feeling / undisciplined squads of emotion." But the world he creates is a kind of Utopia where every part is individually alive and at the same time functioning in a vital, organic pattern: "the complete consort dancing together." It is not subject to time or change or chance because though it seems so real and immediate, it is an image-world only, created by the image-making faculty, the imagination, and existing only in its own medium. But that is its triumph. Mr. E. M. Forster puts it well:

A work of art is unique not because it is clever or noble or beautiful or enlightened or original or sincere or idealistic or useful or educative--(though it may embody any of these qualities)--but because it is the only material object in the universe which may possess internal harmony. All the others have been pressed into shape from outside, and when the mould is removed, they collapse. The work of art stands up by itself, and nothing else does...Ancient Athens made a mess--but the Antigone stands up. Renaissance Rome made a mess--but the ceiling of the Sistine got painted. James I made a mess--but there was Macbeth. Louis XIV--but there was Phedre. Art for art's sake? I should think so, and more so than ever at the present time. It is the one orderly product our muddling age has produced...It is the best witness we can give to our dignity.

Or Robert Frost likens the harmony of "the figure a poem makes" to the course of love:

It begins in delight and ends in wisdom...it inclines to the impulse, it assumes direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in a clarification of life--not necessarily a great clarification, such as sects and cults are founded on, but in a momentary stay against confusion.

That seems a very modest claim for literary art, but it is a profound one. Literature is, as Joyce said, "the eternal affirmation of man's spirit." It supplies no more final answers than life itself does. We have to leave the moral certainties to the theologians and the politicians. Art is more primitive; it remains ultimately as a kind of fertility magic working in our lives.

For whatever its content--whether its song is of triumph or despair, serenity, stoicism or frustration, the very fact of its existence testifies to man's power to create something from his experience, something that has its own vitality and order. It declares that whether or not there is some supernatural creative order behind the confusion of existence, in which man should have faith, he can have faith that he himself is the soil and source of fertile creative forces and forms. In the womb of the imagination, flesh is made Word. His art stands, in matter and manner, in form and content, as an indestructible proof, not only that man suffers and endures and renews himself, but also that he can create cosmos from chaos, and bring into being at least "a momentary stay against confusion." Momentary perhaps, for the maker himself, and for his individual readers, but nevertheless immortal, as generation after generation shares it and it becomes part of the collective consciousness--the written word of men and women of all countries, all ages, all temperaments, all creeds, all classes, all callings--the human tradition.